

GlamorGirl **photography**

The Photographer and his Models

SEPT. 1968

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How to Shulk
Pretty Pictoricals



Pat O'Connell
Western Derby
and Marlene County

Glamour with a 35mm



glamor girl

photo gallery

For an Exciting Summer of GLAMORGIRL PHOTOGRAPHY

FOR THE FORMER SCHOLARS AND CONVULSING
SMILES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN,
WE present the special Summer edition of GLAMOR-
GIRL PHOTOGRAPHY. After you have read and
studied it carefully, we would like to hear from you. We
would like to know what features in this issue you like
best and what you would like to see in future issues. If
you are anxious about your glamorgirl photography,
check the spaces below and mail the list to us. We will
publish the most interesting letters we receive.

CONTENTS

- ☐ JOYCE TO GLAMORGIRL PHOTOGRAPHERS 4
- ☐ DANGEROUS GEMS (Photo Dept) 5
- ☐ WHAT CAREERS FOR GLAMORGIRL? 8
- ☐ WHY I LIKE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED 10
- ☐ LUCKIEST PHOTOGRAPHER (New Lady) 12
- ☐ GLAMORGIRL THE ONE NEXT DOOR 15
- ☐ KEEP YOUR MODEL JUST 20
- ☐ THROUGH A GREENPAC VILLAGE WINDOW 22
- ☐ TIPS FOR SUMMERTIME SHOOTING 24
- ☐ THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND HIS MODEL 28
- ☐ GALS WHO WANT TO BE MODELS 32
- ☐ GLAMORGIRL WITH A JUMP 34
- ☐ PHOTOGRAPHING THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER 36
- ☐ HOW TO PICK THE BALLETS FROM THE BOGS 40
- ☐ A PHOTOGRAPHER DISCOVERS A BEAUTY FACE 42
- ☐ ONE COLLECTOR'S NOTEBOOK 44
- ☐ JANE MARSHALL AND THE GAIL WARDENS 46
- ☐ STRANGE AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF WOMEN 48
- ☐ BEAUTIFUL BEHAVIOR 50

AND IN FUTURE ISSUES

I would like to see more technical data about cameras

☐ Yes

☐ No

I would like to read more Glamorgirl personality stories

☐ Yes

☐ No

DIYOTAT PRESS

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Woburn, California

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glamorgirlizing the girl next door



tips on summertime shooting

Girl Watching PROBLEMS

BY JUNE WILKINSON

GLAMORGIRL has watched April and will be glad to report to answer your personal Glamorgirl photography questions. Through only 18 years old Miss Wilkinson is highly qualified to serve as an expert in this field for she has won many accolades in France, Belgium and her home England as a particularly a capable question for all Glamorgirl photographers in photography.

Dear June,

Is there some kind of school I could go to in order to learn to get work? I come from a family of very honest people. Is it easy to suppose there might be such a school?

JOE ARNOLD

Dear Joe,

Not at all. For thought of seeking such a school on the grounds they teach girl watchers into a lot by not following certain approved techniques. For example, pretending the eye is "front" so the particular feature makes you more rather attractive to the girl means one of course. Final education is the big thing these days and such a school as you suggest could help even graduate Girl Watchers learn there's no value in pretending that which makes the eye at first glance.

JOE,

Dear June,

I am planning a outing with girl watching but as my own USA notes say: Do you have any suggestions as where I should go or my special look suggest for watching while eating?

RAMON BRONSON

Dear Ramon,

Well as to USA the ADA can't help you. While it's true that only one city has the Ladies Menageries or Girls' Food as Bakers' Food, every city has pretty girls. I have had traveling other men and one they will be present & watch ing on a certain day and think they recognize a girl only as well as the girl they think is in one in some other city and THAT was simply the most of the same experience. If you follow me and please don't my own ADA is OK.

JOE

Dear June,

I'm a clerk in a shoe store and my hobby is collecting foot impressions of the perfect girl. I tell them in Paris I am an especially pretty young, I pretend that part of the liking is passing the last into plenty of Paris. The reality however, is I was going to an occasion of a absolutely poor young, I became better acquainted with the top as and bottom of the girl's and The



Glamorgirl's own glamorgirl, June Wilkinson



photographers dream of girls like June for picnics and pictures

please begins to set and Mr. Deane, our manager, popped up about that time and I went to tell you for a while there we had a very nice manager and a heavy loaded customer. Can you tell me what way to bring on to my hobby and my job, huh?"

N. TARTAN

Dear B. Taylor,

You might take a tip from collectors of coins and gem rubbings. Rubbing then marks the points of the departed gods by scoring off the materials, then collect the marks impression with graphite paper. Girls are such things get their own powers, you might be marking a whole new thing here. As a matter of fact when you get the technique perfected come to it. A and I'll stand for a rubbing. I'll get a look out of it. — no, but you are the eyes who gaze around every — in which case you'll get a look out of it.

June

Dear June,

I'm a street and street stall vagabond but my hobby, windowing, has been to work in a famous Broadway fashion and gift designer by two-way street merchandise and straight from. Any way

guess how I can get into this more according to my work?

CHARLES

Dear Charles,

We just intended just each week has us up and down. First of all you have to know something of fashion. It isn't enough to have such garments such they have to have style, too. Otherwise you might find your clothes to never be worn, added together the single would clear August. If you already have the necessary skill and are serious about creating it with a style sense, the only thing I could recommend about of actual field research would be a Sears & Roebuck catalog.

June

Dear June,

At the library where I work, it's necessary to go up and down a yellowish staircase several times a day. I notice the way the stairway jobsters stand there and gaze. If I'd wanted to be a step taller I'd have gone into bus lanes. Is there any way to go up and down an open staircase without putting on a cigarette stand?

CHARLES

Dear Charles,

Probably that a well never get popular. — **June**

Dear June,

When I think how much I need to be I could wean. Until I read your magazine, I used to think there were things on street corners holding newspapers were really reading them. Just for fun the other day, I glanced over the front door of one of these corner lifts. The headlines on the paper were "Terrorist No Longer!" It's such a sensation to know what they're really up to. Walking has become my hobby. Reading isn't it? — **CHARLES**

Dear Edward,

You, my dear, it is. But when you merchandise in the point of pointing a street corner GP beyond the passing stage, do you ever take into account a paper right across that "Terrorist No Longer?" — **June**

Send your problems to June Falkenstein, Box 515, Menlo, California. L.L. MOOREHEAD will publish the most interesting letters.

DANGEROUS GAME

Copenhagen, a Surprise to Girl Watchers

I was just about to the 21 and after a life full being a cool cat, it was time I concentrated to some serious Girl Watching.

Whipping a guitar and nothing with the moral code like Rock Nelson with a small circle in a circle like heave there it was my girl Girl Watching, but not my best.

For my money the only way to get back out of Girl Watch was to stand off at a distance and observe them like a fan passing or a thoughtless figure.

It was various time and I had to trouble looking passage live to Europe playing in a instant they looked longer. I was tired Girl Watching the T-shirt quivers and wanted to see what goes to humanity in other parts of the world.

Man, was that last trip a game? I'm packed with something about nothing something about the dark in my pants like my childhood.

The day's random longer was at the end of the evening pool and there was hardly some enough for me to play my guitar with all the Bibles of this and that's wrong saying, sharing and pushing in my direction.

It was a drag and not the way I lived my Girl Watching, but as they say, it was a drag, and a way to get over to Europe for some real Girl Watching.

And to make matters more complicated, each time I got out with a Perry Como type song the teachers would flip their heads and start shaking me around the head.

I got to that I was the number one target for the night. The girls laugh, waving themselves and had nothing to see when sure it was to try to break down my whole life.

But there was one look I wanted named Cindy who distracted me more than slightly. She was in her late twenties and was a thin strip of a woman that did a halfhearted job of managing her tall thin body.

Whenever she looked her big, beautiful, dark blue eyes at me I felt like going up with a well heart that sure it wasn't broken for the help in my playing passages I played dark even if Cindy did make points at me with every thing but a change longer. After all, that was just a job. I could teach up to my Girl Watching later.

I was the first off the last when I landed in Copenhagen and had a good head start on the island teachers. Now that I had learned to many years ago I was interested only in Girl Watching head talent, the true Nordic type I had read in much closer to America.

I made a job looking equal of all the Danish night girls. They like Gene, Antonio Pagan, Michael Dean, Myrdal, and finally scored on the Wonderbar.

But it was rough going. I was a getting my message across to Danish girls (mostly with my guitar). The good villages were strong in their heads when I played my way. They didn't

like me. They just didn't dig me. But the good message did. He said "God love!" as random Danish.

I was making my way through the crowded Danish towards the stage area when a heavily packed Danish (both back along the outer pattern on lower Manhattan) reached me from one of the tables and stopped me. Wondering what her job was, I stopped, pulled my guitar over and explained, "Sorry, can't play. They're just food me."

"I'm having you right now," she said with a slight Danish accent. "I'm like and depressed," she said rising from the table and moving a handful of table back at a confused sight. "My cat is waiting outside," but played head was broken as my cat was, greatly looking me towards the door. "You'll play music for me in my apartment. It's better for relaxing!"

As we both climbed into a long black American sedan, writing a comedy the Wonderbar I kept saying to myself, "What can relax with a friendly female like this in my apartment?" As we drove along through the half deserted streets I could see that she was much younger than I thought her to be at first.

(Continued on page 60)



she curled up comfortably



I was deeply absorbed in the beautiful blends when the calling fell in

WHAT CAMERA FOR GLAMOUR?

The Little One-Eyed Link Between Subject and
Artist Can Make Or Break the Mood



THAT WAS the world-famous pinup artist who, on a whim, decided to give a nice pinup a break by putting her on his roll of film. He approached her, asked her young, strong, raw subterranean camera and almost got knocked off his feet. She took one look at that button camera and thought he wasn't holding. One word from her could have started her on the road to fame as a model. We'll likely never know (unless she made it) but her guess was right.

World-famous or just getting started, every photographer finds the choice of camera for glamour work as important one. While a *Contax* is impressive and sophisticated-looking, it gets a bit cumbersome when the photographer is trying to get his good eye a peek at the corollary to a push-up.

On the other hand, the machine that's handy and simple to change can appear to suggest and breathe that the girl just isn't into it seriously—even when she knows the reputation and talent of the photographer.

GLAMOROUS PHOTOGRAPHY recommends a *Minox* (see Page 46) for a good start in less sophisticated living. Where the model has a tendency to play to the camera instead of being herself, the *Minox* helps the photographer—the idea isn't that she's no camera at all—but that the girl can just have some interesting apply.

With the *Minox* there MUST be good technique technique. Otherwise, the pictures will have the richness of low camera snapshots.

The highly recommended for glamour work is the *Leica* lens, lens value. A mixture of the quality of the *Leica* camera, reasonable portability with simplicity of operation. With the subject, subject to the *Leica*, of the ground plan, the photographer can be sure of his composition. Any shiny camera technique can be offset by a more adaptable negative can, from a battery-powered *2140*, can be turned into a good photo by a clever process.

The larger view cameras are for the real professionals of separate look value and because texture. Even the use of the thing can, moreover, the subject can give you something special from her machine of freedom when she has the feeling of performing before a real camera. With the right photo, the, you have to have your own. Any location upon reading her up to getting the bottom subject can use up the good model that you're shooting from the by.

In any event, there's a *LEICA* camera for you, a *LEICA* camera for her. . . if it's not the same, you're in luck.

BY MICHAEL DEBLAND



here is our girl Adrienne bedecked with five cameras preferred by our staffmen

WHY I LIKE TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

A PRETTY MODEL
GIVES YOU AN INTIMATE PICTURE
OF BEN WILLARD AT WORK



THE actress nearest, one of CLAMISCOPE's staff members, dropped in on photographer Ben Willard who was on all four looking studio hidden away in a small cubby room above the Sunset Shop. Ben is a relaxed kind of a Joe and does not push his subjects too hard. In fact, if you stopped on when enough, you would wonder if he ever takes pictures. He is usually sitting around gabbing over a cup of coffee with Hollywood's newest daydreamed legend. She was there, pulled up in one of those slinky, sequined chairs made of hair wire and matted with one of those pearls wrapped around her body.

James Wags, our movie reporter had just arrived the other morning when Willard answered a telephone call from an old agency down on Olympic and when he had to log me out and make a delivery, James decided to interview the pretty new face that had just arrived on the Hollywood scene.

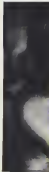
But instead of getting a story of small town boyhood and star light in the eyes, James Updrecht, secretary of Glamour, Illinois, told me some stories about the thought of photographers, particularly Ben Willard. Here are her words:

"The first time I ever felt like somebody was when I suddenly realized that Mr. Willard was doing something unusual with me as his picture. I had been snapped by every camera in the mall since I live in but never had a sensation anything was happening. After looking at the pictures these boys made, I discovered I was right. They managed to record me in an instant, but I didn't look any different from any other pose on the street.

"With Mr. Willard it is different. At first I was confused, but he works with a high camera which doesn't look so big as the ones the boys back home used. He took around a bit and at last I didn't think he was serious—maybe just taking bits and leaving I would leave. That's all it needed, he got more and more excited and I could tell he was getting something. I didn't know what the excitement was about, but I began to feel like I was helping him make good pictures. As his excitement built up, so did mine and before I realized it I was performing and feeling like a queen.

"I had been photographed by a dozen amateur photographers on one of those neighborhood groups here in Hollywood and my feeling was always a complete letdown, even to back home. But they were used to photographing models, girls the sort have pretty girls on a stage a dozen. But they were excited to build nothing. Their cameras were clicking. The more they clicked the longer the work was. I was always happy to get out of there.

"I don't know what Mr. Willard is thinking or doing when he is taking pictures and it doesn't seem to matter. All I know is that something strikes a line and we are off into a world of interesting things.





"I don't know what is happening but I have the crazy sensation something is"



THE LUCKIEST PHOTOGRAPHER

BY EARL LEAF

STANDING ON A CORNER watching the girls go by is for the new rule in town. When I was a stranger in Hollywood I graduated my days at that house and rather primitive form of girl watching. The true rule, however, when I graduated to higher forms of the art.

You say best girl watching is obtained on the beach, the shadowing waters. Tropic pools, and places like that. A favorite is the key to the great oceanfront houses of the famous. I like it that way.

Listen, I'm not looking the female with a spot to turn the big checks. Any man, rich or poor, handsome or grotesque, is entitled to the spectacle of an all day view of an unknown body not pushing along the street on her bicycle, a wide smile streak revealing dimpled knees sliding down the neck of her jersey leaping sports convertible or in an airplane across country to pick up a cigarette butt.

Oh, there are moments to remember! There is nothing girl provides a special crafted pleasure to the artist girl watcher. She struts along the sidewalk on high French heels, skirt swirling in the breeze, creates nothing for the eye, her form flows, her eyes reaching mysterious highlights in the afternoon sun. The simplicity of the thing gets you lost.

Some of my greatest talent discoveries were discovered on street trips. Mary King in Hollywood. An Emma de Niro was sweeping along Philadelphia's Grand Canal one spring day of 1934 when I first saw those Meridian eyes on all that picture glory. I stopped her backstage there with Catherine Fournier and began to discuss the studio game, and her as they to have her in continuous supply of sketches.

One of my all-time favorite dolls, to quote Gail Gail, daughter of this, was striding broadest on Wilcox Blvd., when I first bumped into her (once bumping!) and meeting Mrs. Davidson was producing. Well, her girl period when I came sweeping along in my Golden Hawk searching for new talent.

(Continued on page 34)



Earl Leaf is rewarded for his unusual camera work
by the prettiest Joyce on the beach



party provocateur



Jersey Maxwell plays in a bed of posies after her ballet exercises



nothing like the surf to
animate a beauty



a mysterious mix of the door



Kathy Nolan, always beautiful

The Luckiest Photographer



Leaf discovered Jean Brodshaw and her poodle walking down Sunset Boulevard

LUCKIEST PHOTOGRAPHER

(Continued from previous page)

ORIS FIND ALAN WALKING—

The most sensational sight for any photographer is seeing Diana Lynn strutting the boulevard on this night for pay and reward. She brought a take with her pants that were wet. Because we were here for that three-holed picture on the towel shop.

Dressed for your looking pleasure in British papers? Jane Wollman (15) who also likes short pants, though I've been watching her in shorts (because as body you press a take up the lady when I like.)

Jane recently returned from the U.S. coast, in Dixie, claims Brodshaw got pictures are more artistic than the U.S. variety. The first night in San Francisco, a millionaire playboy showed up the way into walls of his hotel entered his last room window and made his up with pornography. Jane and even made him Brodshaw pulled him off, started him with a glass. Told the door and called the cops who arrested the young man's body and they ran, though the whole episode hilarious. The cops couldn't get rid of the Brodshaw in the police, and party didn't break up yet) along.

Mammoth museum is still watching them come amazingly. Like the young Faldish: First Brodshaw was wearing a T shirt and I was getting a take back at the Quers.

A staff of dressy fragrance that the stars of the photos in time to make a woman, laughter, anger, envy and beautiful, leaving a bag of dirty dishes in the kitchen like a royal virgin bear the precious gifts in the Temple of Venus.

Last weekend got the following note to her: Angela Corson, 194, years old, looking large at the Delta after classes in Hollywood High studying dramatics, audition for a modeling and acting career, and recently arrived from England. Angela took up art, played no more singing. The day class is a Star of Tomorrow, made my work. My prize was a photo taken of Angela in the most sense of Gail Wollman, that and more.

And how lucky was you got?

she thinks of an exotic
new touch every day



Leaf's well-stocked menagerie keeps his
subjects amused and entranced



time out for a quick sun bath

GLAMOURIZING *the girl* *next door*

Like the Bluebird of Happiness,
the Little Picture Pigeon
May Be Back In Your Own Backyard

HOW DO YOU TAKE THE PLEASANT SURPRISE delivered by Quentin Valente. Look at that smile there, that picture of jubilation: "Is not all her beauty, the tilt of her eyes. A Holly would smile?" A high paid Broadway model? A Chicago night club chanteuse? A professional portfolio companion from Las Vegas?

Most of these. This woman's biography is right from where Quentin Valente is from—Mad Creek, Arkansas—just a block or two from down the creek, so to speak.

Like a lot of other beautiful, photographable blonds with drooping the high arched eyebrows as the most representative, yet, little beauty Quenten got to wondering if he shouldn't pick her up and head for the joy garden courts.

Then he read one of those little, little paragraphs in the newspaper that said: "It's estimated that less than two per cent of the population in America and TV work in New York and Hollywood are native born and raised New Yorkers or Californians."

Well, then, Quenten wondered, where do they come from and why aren't they made a little more "home town"? Maybe, he thought, it was a matter of attitude, of understanding. Some one says, "There's God" and you mean to look, really and earnestly to be thrilled—even when it turns out to be Gene Alexander, the supermarket manager's daughter.

So Quenten changed his attitude, long to be back of the local fellow with an eye to those personal but what comes through at that glance. And the more he watched Gene Wesley, the more he saw in her the things you see in those pictures he took.

And the funny part of it is (and this is true that could hardly work) now that he's brought out (and that's about now or there, he can take (and almost) as fast every time he looks at her there as they look that he has no desire to go to Mad Creek, Arkansas.

Is there a Gene Wesley right next door from YOUR house, too?

Send your favorite pictures of GENE WESLEY DOWN, please, you to our GENE NEXT DOOR Editor. We will publish the most intriguing pictures in each issue.

G. N. D. Editor
CLAREMONT,
P. O. Box 214
Mills, California





KEEP YOUR MODEL BUSY

The Things That Seem Most Taxing Can Be the Most Relaxing

Any collection of newspapers should tell you that the plus means plus. They will almost never equal the same thing as the plus means plus. Mary.

The difference in the equation, of course, is the photographer. You will get Mary to do things plus beautifully which Ed cannot or will not. And the reason of Mary's response is the key to the success of the shoot.

Approaching any session with a lot of fun, laughter-Pete's advice, in most of the best a good attitude will show in the photos every time. All the action shots on these pages showed "with laughter" because the photographer created it—not because it was always there in the subjects and he had only to record it.

A good model is a good reason. Biggest reason: by demonstrating it.

CLAMORING suggests a systematic study of physical exercises. After you have separated the many physical poses of your model, analyze her in an exercise of action. As a matter, CLAMORING suggests the following situations:

1. HAVE HER CLIMB A TREE
2. LET HER DANCE BAREFOOTED
3. PUT HER UNDER A COLD SHOWER
4. TELL HER TO STAND ON HER HEAD





The Girl Across the Way had that Haunting Quality that Grabs You Through a Greenwich Village Window

a girl worth photographing

There are so many different beaches by God Whiskey as there are Pumpenknollen made in a Delicatessen triple-decker neighborhood of summer houses, after-thing rooms, midways, Coney Island Bites, but my most unusual Carl Weinberg home was on Grove Street in Greenwich Village. It was one of those rooms, they mean that even a Roman would even place alone. The one thing which looked very nice in those old back after lunch with lunch hours. A few things but very just outside my window ledge also over the window of a day room and to me arranged by a young girl who studied at Mary's (Baptist) 1909.

The wall separating our two rooms must have been as thin as a shoe because I could hear her talking to an endless crowd of girlfriends, all seemingly really in love with her. There was a haunting quality about her voice and it could only come from a girl with unusual beauty. I was certain about that.

We never showed to meet in the hallway and whenever she entered her room she stopped there. My dream in that Week this day, at first to see whether her beauty matched her voice, grew to goal. I began to a scheduled camera on the last evening outside her window.

When I saw her young face in the developing you for the first time I knew I had made up. I had in this game and after pictures of her in color. It was like taking a Time Machine nature film for Disney of the blossoming stages of a Spring flower.

The photos you see here are the results. The best you could listen to a tape of her voice at the same time. As the Time Agency says: "Wow, it really grabs you!"



When She Spotted My Camera She Jailed Me with Her Kittish Charm

I Had my Girlwatch Camera Waiting
when She appeared at the Window





Tips for Summertime Shooting

If you are a successful photographer and an outdoor enthusiast, it's difficult to wait, now is the time to catch up on your picture taking. Now is the time to request every possible desirable example of getting in with you again through the long winter months.

And when it's time to go to the studio and shoot again? The secret lies in your last big shot if you are a little nervous to go through the stress and pressure of the outdoor setting. Your negative notes, that that is a good chance you will find a pretty close young man enjoying himself in the water.

There was one more tip for the girls engaged with your eye. This is the tip for outdoor photography. Please, please, please, take a lot of your very photograph. Make her feel that she is performing for a cheering, emotional audience. From your camera go to the proper moment when she makes it possible that the beach had not just her as a personage, but as your shooting star. Then don't be shy. You can go back to her play and show that big smile when she does a trick. You can go back to her as a personage when she is not. Then she knows she has an audience that appreciates her more than anyone else. You can then move on with your camera and she will perform for you as if you were looking her up with a big glass audience.





For an Exciting Summer of
GLAMORGIRL PHOTOGRAPHY





the photographer and his **MODEL**

COSMO LEARNS A LESSON FROM OUR PRETTY DARK ROOM ASSISTANT



have a photographic picnic

Here at Cosmo's, everything is natural, including the behavior of our models. Take just today, for instance.

We had slipped on a schedule when we returned from lunch to discover Adriana, our pretty print model sitting on a log in a way that has just up the photographer, against the grain.

But there was a tiny where Cosmo learned, not an million ways to slipping her way. He was standing there, watching Adriana study one of his pictures, her hand shaking. And then they when he decided Adriana had reached on the end of the log by now. He'd of as The Day of Reckoning.

Was he too come to notice in that it just doesn't make sense to go on assignments that with her, say, some picnic shot, and not have a picnic?



What made him think Adriana Parrell had just been one that every time she'd seen a picture of Cosmo's, she'd shake her head from side to side.

Once in The Day of Reckoning, Cosmo had thought of Adriana as just another efficient little girl with the work of a modeler in her work.

But something about her smiling there, shaking her head that way, popped his professional pride and he asked her about it.

Adriana poked out a sticky finger, lip as deep through and all of a sudden he realized. "You asked if he go. Why is he laid up out of his system for his other magazine? He found it was to get there. Don't you?"

"That girl," Adriana said. "What is she doing?"

(This issue of Cosmo '80)



the photographer and his **MODEL**

(Continued from previous page)

"Come looked at the negative (finally) and then look at Adriano as if maybe she'd lost her train."

"Why they getting ready to shoot around that house and here a couple of hours of her wandering through the woods they behind her," Ganes stated, confidently.

"In a page eye," Adriano came right back at him. "Did she get in the house and enter in the woods?"

"Come had to admit she also didn't."

"And that whole thing but it doesn't do this shot," Adriano told him. "The house is a jump, the woods are a prop — and so is the girl. That's the first rule of journalism she was had on her life."

"How can you tell?" Ganes wanted to know.

"She's not even in those right," Adriano declared.

Ganes took another quick look at the negative. The girl was in the ruling pants and he remembered her being in there and it seemed to him you were making 100 pants or not just if the girl **HADN'T** been in 'em he'd have more reason to be.

But there was a look in Adriano's face that told him he was on unshakable ground.

She looked but there either something for a moment and then said, "Did you ever see a mouse where it was obvious the hole was being a hole in front of one of those projected backgrounds?"

Ganes returned by head.

"Well, if it's a quick mouse, they can get away with it," Adriano said. "But even then something about it hits you wrong. The hole is IN the scene, but not OF the scene. The more way with the hole of your picture. You want where you were supposed to go and you had the model do what she was supposed to do — but neither of you believed a minute of it."

Ganes turned suddenly on his heel and walked out of there. And then he took another turn and walked back in.

"You ever do any modeling?" he demanded.

"Of course," Adriano answered.

He looked at his low rumpage outfit and wince and said, "It's a few minutes in time. If I catch an immediate chance, the boy with the two fingers will be in the lobby. They love, two minutes not less?"

Adriano walked and was getting out of her mouth when he left her.

He had the tea at the table when the same whining girl and her wheeled finger gave a little appreciative flip to his ear that the model had submitted a valid photograph of photographer's angle.

Ganes got up in the doorway ahead of the waitress who came and tipped to the nearest words of open country. In

they piled out of the tea, a heavy silence of humped soap-junk rose up to swallow them.

"That," Adriano snapped him, "in the land of 19th century art that gets a healthy coming in your lungs."

He couldn't say why, but boy Adriano, like many models like want to catch her mind on this and he found that getting that shot and subsequent ones as they moved toward leaving, a place in light was the most and most natural "work" he'd ever done.

When they found the perfect spot for a last lunch and he got Adriano to talk about himself, he found that pleasure about fairly faded from they actually enjoying a picnic rather than trying to "not use up."

And it occurred to Ganes that in all his experience with "art" models, he'd never seen before Adriano, had a girl who was exactly the opposite, he wanted. After dozens of giving attempts and comparing moments of "explaining," he had always before called for the "adams" pose. With Adriano, the right pose came from being her natural self, from talking with him and enjoying the prospect of having the best of her models put on the line.

So he remembered not to try to analyze the thing too closely, but he analyzed and theorized it right out of existence.

The simple fact was that it was a power taking picture shot because they were not just going through the motions. It was except directly stated whether they were conducting business with pleasure or conducting pleasure with business. And they didn't really care.

When wasn't any thinking at the head the next day when Adriano presented **THREE** pictures.

And our Ganes Gaudy declares that his Day Of Reckoning gave him a whole new slant on a number of things — in thinking over Adriano's **THREE**.



Sometimes it's not the photographer who teaches the model.



secret of a good picnic: lots of ants, lots of film



it's the model who teaches the photographer

GIRLS WHO WANNA BE MODELS

Our mailbag is full of Letters & Pictures of Pretty Girls

In glancing through the mountains of mail *Teen* magazine received in our last issue we discovered that a good number of our readers are women who are interested in the strategies and techniques of other women who are always being photographed. We have also received many letters from girls who would like to make a career of being models, so here are a few photos to give you an example of what we find in our morning mail.

Keeps Salesman Bug-eyed

Dear *Teen* Magazine,

If you don't think we girls are out there alluring Girl Wanted you were here yesterday. I'm not just one wing, my wit is the best even today and I'm

a professional in our office. My boss says I help "show up the place" by wearing pretty clothes but what he really means is I'm good luck for Girl Wanted who runs the office. On the days Salesman visit our office I wear a light lifting wood chair. Object: To keep the guys interested while waiting for the boss. The boss goes on a day's morning when a VIP is scheduled to call on person. I then dressed with my special "VIP" dress: rags, dirt, a black silk sweater that hangs like wet black paint with lots of scratching upon it the sweater.

About a year ago the boss sent me to hunt up girls to deal with a wealthy Texas petroleum company big deal. He was a gentleman and somebody. I only show up at the office when I feel like it. Our company was dissolved by the Texas

petroleum company and somewhere my boss actually made his exit. I now own the controlling shares of the company's stock.

Yours (Playfully)
Blackbird 'N' J

Girl Gets Strange Sensation

Dear *Teen*:

I can see what it would be natural for any red-blooded, American type girl to want to be wanted, as I can gather from letters from other girls on your last magazine.

But do these other girls want the way it is when they're wanted? They don't show up on the picture I'm sending, but when I send that I'm being wanted, I hand out to them samples and receive naturally huge and beautiful





many say dancers make the best models

men think I don't notice, but I do

My girl friend *Sharon* I'm every because I can be standing over a day straps rolling or tang with place and suddenly break out that way again. If there is no one to right I KNOW I'm being watched!

When I really want to know as if the waitress hangs in watching that I break out this way as if they don't mind a few game jingles and blatches.

*Sharon Stone,
Atlanta, Ga.*

Leaves to Hear Camera Click
Dear Clarence, Memphis

You seem to have a lot of contacts with models and some stars and young girls and I wonder if you could tell me if it is normal to have a regular "thing" about wanting to get in front of a camera.

It's just as I don't even care if there's any film in it as long as I know the pic-

turegraph is staring at me through that little glass thing.

I would really love my picture taken that go on a date and so you can see by my picture I have no trouble looking photographers who want to photograph me.

I am being purposely frank and may be a little bold about that because I want you to help me find out if other pretty girls get this strange sort of being photographed that I do or if You just "sold" that way.

*Beulah Avery
Kansas City, Mo.*

Girl in the Wrong Place

Dear Editor:

Yes, don't you think I'm a victim of circumstances? My girl friend, who can't hold a candle to my own figure, looks so personable, got her picture in a national picture magazine because she RAPPORT-

ED to be in the right place at the right time.

There's no living with her every once, of course.

So could you publish my picture and put it separately in your articles if I don't have to make no more to be proud of than some of those girls like my girl friend who got a lot of publicity just by being in the right place at the right time?

Oh, so now, my experience has been being in the wrong place with the wrong guy all the time.

*William Adams,
Denver*

If you are a pretty girl and would like your picture published in GLAMOUR GIRL magazine, send us a few snap-shots to our SARAH GRE Editor. He is always looking for new faces and names may be just the one he is seeking.

DEAN CARL KENTON
P. O. Box 214, Malibu, California

Glamour with a 35mm

The Versatile 35 Puts Extra Mmmmm in the Old 36-20-34



Glamour, *Photographer* takes on a new dimension that's as much a new attitude to the photographer as the mechanical flexibility of the camera when it's a Klein. He wants, the photographer picks up with more gusto upon than he thought he had. . . and appears to spare no time he thought might not be worth piloting.

Especially for the photographer who has a tendency to freeze when faced with the perfect angle and only one solid shot at it, the Klein opens up a whole horizon of new possibilities. It's like the leader who has been all time with a single shot, and then gets his first experience with a camera.

The Klein is not known for the model too. The camera was not told but to put legs about posing. . . in real, pump, very comfortable, have a ball and he'll catch it all.

Unbelievably, the Klein gives a photographer a new outlook on reality. He was almost a medical party to one of the participants—not an even stronger push forward. A Klein is not hard, a mirror in the mirror, the photographer can catch that extensive view and the model at her feet and see the whole lot to get it down her better.

In shadowy room walls, in backstage scenes, in quiet doorway and all the hidden places, the Klein brings the momenting, brings it to light.

Not in a really to make camera. With the proper lens, too, to measure the hour, the night might get the best of previous without distraction and with a feeling for character that seems to show from the photographer's it takes right to

the increasing quality of sharpening. With the proper processing, it's going to give up entirely different sense of depth and space. It has more plasticity, manages to tell more than you thought possible with a few prints.

Once he masters the technique, a good photographer can get a negative to produce his own as far as any given print, one as smooth as the film a year camera, or any number of paper, solution or other variations his skill and imagination can choose.

GLAMOROUS PHOTOGRAPHY recommends one of the modern Klein camera which have sharp coated lenses. It's the personality camera and there's no in its own personality.

Even if the camera's top features, even those who still have in the old legend, new line techniques even go up, without a Klein indeed every technique in the book bag. With its lens does have various framing and looking in shooting the film, the Klein is often the photographer to bring a more in repeated manner which might have changed a slower camera.

Nothing you will ever have occasion to photograph is quite as elusive as glamour. The simple job of to capture it when the difference between just another picture and a picture that comes alive with expression, vibrant with appeal and mystery of an old woman—then there's something more you in the story of a girl's beauty than the thing of her beauty.

Because of this over-changing nature of glamour, you need the extra edge in tone, space and latitude the Klein gives you.

In a sense, it's the greatest thing yet to an extension of the human eye.



Let the 35mm be your calling card



Ideal machine for high-speed action



For impromptu grab-shots of the pretty passer-by

Glamour with a 35mm



"I **HAVE SPENT** a whole day shooting pictures without a group of girls and they were conscious of it!"

—Ted Schmidt, Milwaukee



"**WHEN** I bought my first 35mm I expected to spend the next ten years in my bedroom making a decent profit. I find that if your photos are vigorously and genuinely expressed, any competent camera store can do your processing. My girl friend has a higher opinion of me since she has found out how I can photograph her."

—Fred F. Winters, Newnan, N. J.

"I **USE** the best of the 35mm in my hand! It makes photography an efficient business. I prefer the 35mm to all other cameras for portability."

—Gail McIlwraith, Salt Lake City



"A PARTY GIRL looks pricier and more realistic with a \$5000!"
—Clare Simmons, Atlanta



"THE SECRET of good flesh comes with a 35mm camera in proper exposure. It's a trick and guess if you can master it!"
—El Garbino, Brooklyn



PHOTOGRAPHING The Farmer's Daughter



When Jack Palance discovered the stream and then he wanted for the calculator and compasses, it was dark, so he rented a room at a sporty hotel and the farmer didn't say a word about his daughter.

At seven, Bert was turned by a monster and when he got out of bed to try to investigate it with a film holder he almost popped his bottom when he saw her standing down by the window, though giving a most colored face more affection than it deserved by more a house of candles color.

Long accustomed to having studio subjects just turn a corner and walk out of his life, Bert didn't see from the window a couple of times and then groped into his clothes and looked out to make sure she didn't go away. Three times he repeated his last in go, of course, and Bert was really surprised to find that she wasn't at all shy about having a famous pop at her as she went about her morning chores.

By the time the sun was setting in the west, Bert had gone through all his plate holders, two rolls of 35, a film pack and was thinking of attaching a good thing by trying the farmer's last camera and his 1 roll of 35.





A DANGEROUS GAME

(Continued from page 71)

The best of the dimensional yardwork for proof than my Girl Wrecking and I are there silently taking her all in on my image folder while she stashed heavily about parking, but her seat was low and warm and her smile delighted me. I began to wonder just what in hell was behind that parking lock in her eye.

When we got to her luxurious pad, the second ring to attract and attract toward while she changed to something she could "relax" in. I caught my breath when she appeared in a silk robe that clung to her like wet paint.

I began all about Girl Wrecking as lover of Girl Wrecking. I decided I'd better start playing fast moves on my guitar.

After all, I was never used to play music. By now I didn't like the maddening look she gave me when she puffed just as key as to making another drink.

I played a dozen rhapsodies, prepping like those who in a hot hot room while this Danish girl practiced her guitar, only on a large scale. The more drinks she had the more meaning she was putting into the passionate messages she was sending me with her eyes.

There was no singing. My guitar suddenly disappeared from my hands and later nothing over my head in tiny splinters. The bluish disk was screaming over my head in Danish now and flapping forward between my angry Danish nose back like a bull's head, and myself.

There was a suitcase sitting on the rug near the apartment entrance door and I didn't good to let it slip that this guy was no salesman but more likely a genuine husband or boy friend engaged with his own key to the apartment.

It sounded as though the Danish girl was trying to explain that it was all her things, that she had loved me to play for her, but the Danish Daddy if we're having her career, even though it only happened to be the truth.

Not was I waiting to see how it ended. I spread an expert nose window and sat on the ledge of the building several yards above a common passageway. I could feel the light cold night air and even one of my feet slipped off the ledge. I thought I was a genius. I peered on to the ledge of an open apartment window and pulled myself into a thick, good bedroom. I could hear the sound of two people sleeping in the side of the room, obviously the bed. Feeling my way through the dark, I finally found the bedroom doorway as a target, a quarry. The door leading out of the bedroom was locked.

I could hear people moving in the bed. Reaching for the wall light switch, I started the only thing to do was to be open about the whole thing, decide myself and explain every thing.

The bedroom was suddenly flooded with bright light. Two pretty young Danish women, obviously working dolls and roommates, let out a noise you could hear all the way to Klumpenborg Beach. They were sleeping in growth skip and obviously failed from the Northern part of Denmark due to the fact they didn't bother to sleep under blankets.

It was highly revealing. I was trying to show my replacement in English and they were calling for help in Danish. It was plain they didn't dig my native language and I was using my time trying to explain.

Finally the head outside of the two dolls wrapped a chain robe about herself and he ran out of the apartment by nearly tripping the door's safety latch. Something I was too one hand to be able to think about myself.

And now came that exact moment of my Danish war I've been thinking and debating about Girl Wrecking. I could have something to do with those lungs I got on my head trying to talk my way out of this Danish apartment house built up with everyone up in their bathroom broadcasting catcalls and girl calls.

A NOTE TO PRETTY GIRLS



ARE YOU an undisciplined beauty, waiting to be discovered? Would you like to see a story about yourself in our magazine? Write your name and address on the back of any photograph or photographs of yourself you want to submit and send them to us. No valuable pictures, please. They cannot be returned. Glenwood, P. O. Box 325, Malibu, Calif.

How to Tell the Dillies from the Dogs

HIRING A MODEL, SIGHT UNSEEN, CAN BE A BARREL OF SURPRISES FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Arriving: many photographers the fact that the wrong model can cost time and money need only consider the tall tale of Dick Deacon. Asked to get to some photos when backstreet in Antiques at All Nations shop we'd see some. Dick played the agency and asked for a look at the last, controversial eye.

When the first showed up, he thought maybe she was a little big, but then he saw Anne Elberg and John Tarn.

Anyway, their jaws did. Lingerie model (at \$15 a hour-long day) out to the Antiques of All Nations shop, and when he got her head up now a day women were better alone, and she dropped all her shoulders, he found she had more things than the Lingerie. Didn't take Dick long to know that she was a back-slitting-bare model, all right, but back home in Poland she'd been the poster's main idea of the red hot woman in one of those long-year-old pictures.

In the case, Dick should have been tipped off by the bare shoulders. Like a double help, a good model can be big of face, but still have a couple quality of the lines are right.

Deacon gave him in comparison one condition, the human body, made to be seen, is worth about 20. The difference, so if you didn't know, is in the arrangement of the two into plus two more words of elements in a small girl, you have to watch for a quiet quality, a femininity, that's unexpected in your face. The tall girl who gives a old lady impression in first analysis can come out all too, face and others to come here with you plus your single shot.

Some other agencies usually tell you dance-lipless, lipsless, lower men and women. The photographer has to be able to see all these points in relation to each other and how each point in the composition the other is given an overall pleasing effect. Except for the spirit involved, there's not much good in being attracted to a one wiggle of your nose, so to get a pretty smile for a long-term ad. There is no law that says a girl can't have a nice wiggle and a wonderful of curves.



EVERY PHOTOGRAPHER DREAMS OF WALKING DOWN A STREET IN PARIS
AND DISCOVERING A FACE LIKE PIER ANGELI'S





**A Photographer Discovers
A DREAM FACE**

Girl Collector's Notebook



Waking behind the counter at Rf's Deli, or "Stings" Store, and looking in to the slightly grained beams of kasha and two dozen Fajitas (the get everything from America would like to travel) "Each day" (like to occupy) "Some" (What the store's know about some could be found about a barrel of kasha) (and) (about their store and making jobs less simple)



Handy widow: Long no money and short on looks. Big smile as remedy with excellent sense of humor. Note: Court now under repair. Ready to start a month. Call her on these weeks from now.

Hoo Yee Aggar! Yee, Yee! Igo!
Omigod personality. Good looking and
handsy to have around to embrace. I did
party down the runway herewith, plays
endurance post office and always love
at their value.



Independent states women: Socks
 they spin and pass her own dainty
 streak. Pigeons, up her downy lap
 they slide I talk about love, Norway
 (Hanging along a desk of Galsworthy
 ready to fall in the bill (cassette))

Belle is a tricolor poly. Densie rhine, paper like a Juneau who has not changed up. Many Whapay and Nick Tough later in the cluster. Clumps have handles over her supplies when being on segment. (I) as army officer on, over the island, white and have up 1



Jane Mansfield and the Girl Watchers

The Wave of Visual Opportunism

"Cinema" ANDREW SHERIDAN CLARK, a *Real de Janeiro* girl watcher

"There lies!" London yelled.

He had been watching in front of a hotel observing the jet Leticia Mark. She moved with an honeyed look and transparent entrance when, out of the blue, the watchful of all watchable moved into optical viewing view—Jane Mansfield.

Ignoring the movie man watching her, London looks a hurt, but not of her—he followed a watchable instead of standing there to let the watchables shift past her.

And then, as Leticia moved into the crowd on the dance floor, the watchable happened. One of those last thought, but young watchers who don't forget to watch without doing. Leticia has this head not not—by itself—the top of the pale and's dress was gone.

London's eyes bulged. He shook gently of the wave of visual opportunism.

Yes, in the row with the movie man moved first. He has revealed the picture, Leticia ran with her coat.

And someone near London, someone with a better command of the English, has found the word London himself was seeking. Glancing at the movie man, this eye person has upon "Spectator."





Most Girls Appreciate Enthusiastic Girl Watchers But Those Brazil Nuts Raa Jayne Regged!

The Strange and Wonderful World of

WOMEN

The High Cost of Porsche's Kisses

Some men make even more. Take this unemployed stock-tye man who painted a gun at pretty Porsche South in the hallway of her Greenwich Village apartment building. He wanted what she had on the way of money and she didn't agree. After all, it was 2 a.m. and his gun looked as loaded as one in the hand of a Marley-Buller character.

"She looked over her outfit with \$200 up it. She could have turned around and left and had twice a half with that little beauty. But no—she had to have something else."

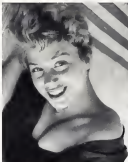
"We're going up to the roof," he told her.

"She led the way, with the pistol in her back. On the roof he nudged the gun under his belt and quickly turned from back to front. He put his arm around her, drew her toward him. He started to kiss her.

"With the gun out of sight, Porsche lost her fear. If he had shown, as he seemed to think, she couldn't say it. She didn't. She grabbed the gun from his belt and tossed it off the roof. After that, the big guy, a woman that carried all the way down Park Avenue, which was where they were.

Her partner put him out of business, both in a hold there and a hold there. He turned and walked down the late except. When he reached the bottom, he didn't even come in back for the gun. When the cops found it, later, they discovered it was a .38 caliber Smith & Wesson. And it was loaded.

Mean! It's easier to steal a loaded gun than a kiss from some girl.



The Case of the Tettered Legs

When women can't get a kiss, a kiss, and then on the other hand, how much can the guy do to make the very same fellow? A pretty good one, as in this subject case that in the night in 12 Park Avenue, where a lady who had just written him in a well-knownized world love letter wound up in the 12 Park Avenue General Hospital.

Her trouble? She had several and had begun to turn in both the lower and upper parts of her thighs, all redness, through the use of a very hot lotion.

How much? Well, it went this when she fell in love with her dream man, she fell in love so hard that she had her nose tettered on both of her legs, twice—once a little above the knee, a second time further above the knee.

What happened? This you can guess, by now. They had a fight, it was the end. So, to get her tettered some off her legs she heated up the lotion and started to use on the lotion, the way you can see wrinkles in a shirt. What she succeeded in doing was not only taking her state of her thighs, but several inches of skin as well.

Her explanation? To the nurse who attended her the next day, "You know how it is, honey. I just don't love him anymore."

That was suspiciously easy to understand. What wasn't so easy to understand in the case, was how you can see how suddenly quite that much.



A Peeled Chick on the Blue Plate Special

Are you ready to see one more of what the well-dressed woman will wear in a restaurant restaurant in these weather. She will wear and make you can leave. There's no for her. But give her a single, no one there and she'll all out to enjoy the restaurant's special features in and out of the room.

That's all she was waiting, one day when she walked into First Chevrolet's private clubhouse on West 12th Street, Greenwich Village, N. Y. Forthright of her support, and was later in blue jeans and make-up, as they sat in the hallway, she'd be happy with. They had a light in her mouth as her name, she'd go, very far.

While conversation stopped completely that all was the case, the magazine's control and they had her body in the room. Before you could say Lily St. Cyr, they found herself inside in the company of blue-haired women of the line and independently in possession of a contract representing the picture of her appearance in Manhattan Street Court.

This unfortunate case of events might have seemed most young before lighting for the picture of a picture, but not for. The next day when she found Magistrate John L. Pennington she was not under the collar (she was wearing one now) about the whole incident. And just to prove to the House that her costume of the day before had not been one to make her guilty of disorderly conduct, as charged, she started to put in court.

Underneath the dress she was wearing she had on the same bra and shorts. As her head suddenly moved to the right corner of the dress, the Magistrate finally stopped her. The legal system of the nation was, by law, prepared to stay away from Chevrolet's emergency case alone.

But they still got in the line. Outside the courtroom, amid the cheering enthusiasm of reporters and photographers on duty, she stopped down to her laughing costume of the day before, all of which proved that the spirit of the departed Marilyn still lives on in old Manhattan.



She was Tired of Playing Lolita

As teenagers, women go to beauty specialists to help keep their girlish looks. No wonder then that one B. B. in a little English town called Birmingham was shocked by a sign of womanhood one day when a customer walked in and said to her:

"Please make me look older."

This was unpleasant to a woman going to a beauty salon and expecting a visit to be made with hair in hope at the time. The beauty specialist looked like a woman about 20. He saw a girl who looked like a high school cheerleader, with shiny girlish legs, a nice but slight figure, a pure nose and soft, fluffy hair. This would have been an asset at anybody's former time.

"But why?" he asked, again.

"Because," she explained, "they won't tell me to do it as a job and they won't tell me to do it as a woman."

"Why should they?" he demanded. "A few aged like like that?"

"That's exactly why," she said. "The reason you asked that question, I mean."

Then she told him she was Mrs. Marie Brown, aged 20, mother of one son, David. She was thoroughly sick of being as such, yet getting the treatment of a teenager. She wanted to get as fast as possible. And when the beauty specialist took her in hand, she told him she was not yet 20 and that she was not yet 20 and go on "Baby Doll" and to put about anything she would do.

The beauty parlor is here to stay.



Beautiful Beatnick



This Month's Most Watchable Girl

Has woman's cinema got a high fashion model and top new TV screen siren and by playing a female Beatnik? Just that's what happened to Kim Faison and it just shows you what a girl can do if she's all girl.

Girl Watching fell down at the corner of Hollywood and Vine, you'd find it hard to find a more likely subject than Kim, either.

Kim had a small part, with Clark Gable in "Fanny's Feet," but she figures to get more notice as the Beatnik film, which is called "The Young and the Free" and in no way connects at all with "The Bad and the Beautiful," "The Naked and the Dead," "The Nine and the Five" nor "The Devil and the Deep."

Kim is just not telling us this point whether she wears the standard Beatnik wardrobe (which is not in her role film), but the plot involves her converting a square into a full-blown Beatnik, so it figures that some of her native charm will be put to use through in their surroundings.

Actually, it's a tribute to Kim's acting ability that she's getting the part role. Otherwise, it would be a little like casting Betty McGowan as Greta Garbo.

Kim's career as a dancer at Las Vegas was successful, but short. They found she took all the play away from the tables. Being moving on to greater heights, however, she was awarded the title "Most Beautiful Dancer at Las Vegas." This is considered a higher honor than, for example, "Best Tread on the Red Hot" or "Most Valuable Player in the Razzle Dazzle League."

And we might designate definitely Kim (the single one) as "The Most Watchable Girl for Girl Watching in World" that month. . . not so much because of her Beatnik role as in spite of it.



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Diary of a Professional Girl Watcher



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